gazed at it attentively. My English friend pulled down my hood.

"You'll attract attention," said he.

"That image, to which I have been kneeling," I cried, "where did it come from?"

"None of our cribs, was it, John?" said my neighbor to the man next to him.

"No," replied the other. "I have heard that the M'Lenga was taken out of a captured trader and slaver; but I don't know where it came from. Looks like a Roman carving."

"M'Lenga! M'Lenga!" cried the immense throng around us. "M'Lenga!" echoed the obi men who bore the image. Some sky-rockets were now let off from the porch of the temple. The band of bed-warmers struck up afresh, the sleigh-bells jingled, the tom-toms resounded, and a great roar went up from the throats of the multitude.

The procession now halted, the obi men formed a circle around the M'Lenga, the troops entered the town and fired a volley, an incantation was performed, a guard was stationed near the M'Lenga, well provided with rations and grog, and the great assembly began to break up. The air was stifling. It took us nearly an hour to push our way through the crowd and regain the inn. Here we supped and smoked until it was time to retire. I was to start in the morning by a new caravan route, up river. But my mind was excited and troubled with vague and uneasy memories, and as I knew that in this condition I should not be able to sleep I coaxed one of my English friends to go out with me for a ramble.

Except for a few stragglers, the streets were deserted. The guards in the great square were drunk with aguardiente, and the M'Lenga stood unprotected and alone in the moonlight. I approached the figure and examined it minutely. Then I went back to the inn and slept like a top, my mind now made up and at ease.

In the morning we clasped hands and bade each other a hearty God-speed and farewell. By the following October I was safely back in London, where I rejoined my old friend Wallace, and where to my great astonishment I also met John Templeton, of the "Antiquarian Society, Unlimited." He had gone down the Niger and caught the coast steamer just in time to make a rapid voyage. So I brought them together one evening at the St. Stephen's Club.

"After you left Timbuktu," said Templeton, "I felt a great curiosity to learn what had eased your troubled mind so suddenly before your departure. So I too examined the M'Lenga. On its back was deeply carved a Roman eagle, and upon its left arm in Roman letters I found the initials —"

I stopped him and looked significantly at Wallace.

"Great Scott!" cried the latter, "it can't be possible! What? Away off in Timbuktu, and thirty years afterward?"

"Yes, and I was on my knees to it, as the great White M'Lenga."

"The Indian's revenge!" suggested Wallace.

Templeton was greatly mystified by this digression. "You know the initials then?" said he to Wallace.

"I should think I did!" replied the latter. "They were my own; and on the left arm of that same image, which once was decked with all the colors worn by a Western savage, did I myself carve them."

Then we told him the story of Tonawanda.

SOME NOTED MEN AND WOMEN

VII.

By James W. Morrissey

MANAGER AND IMPRESARIO

Edited by J. Herbert Welch

THE actor's snug harbor is New-York. "The road" is his tempestuous sea. Much too often to suit his pleasure he must bid farewell to the lights of Broadway and go on journeys of vicissitude in the great interior. The theatrical bark may rise triumphant on waves of applause, or winds of adverse criticism may cast it up on some distant strand. Which it will be the actor or manager is never sure. That uncertainty and variety which give zest to life may be found in plenty "on the road."

Galveston, Texas, at best, is a long way from Broadway; but there was a time, back in the days of Augustin Daly's management of the Fifth Avenue Theater, when the distance seemed to me about equal to the circumference of the globe.

Fanny Davenport in "The Big Bonanza"

My Texas experience really began at the German Theater, on East-Fourteenth-st., New-York, where Fanny Davenport and I sat in a box one night and laughed so at a comedy called "Ultimo," that at the fall of the final curtain we sought out the manager and made him an offer for the English rights, on behalf of Mr. Daly. He accepted. Under the name of "The Big Bonanza," the play was put on at the Fifth Avenue Theater, where it scored an immediate and great success.

On the strength of this, already feeling the money of the good people of the "provinces" in our pockets, J. C. Duff and I obtained Mr. Daly's consent to organize a second company for a tour. We selected Sara Jewett for leading woman, May Nunez for ingénue, Owen Fawcett for chief comedian, and James Hardie for the handsome lover.

With every part in competent hands we started for the "Sunny South," where we knew there would be smiling skies and thought there would be smiling audiences. But somehow the latter did not seem to go into ecstasies over "The Big Bonanza." In New-Orleans, for instance, where one would never dream of such a thing, we encountered a biting "frost." Cold, I believe, has a tendency to contract things. I know that it had shriveled up our bank-roll by the time we got to Galveston.

This then was only a "three-day" city, not being large enough to support an attraction for a longer time. At the end of the week we still were there, and after the all-too-brief labor of "counting up" on Saturday night Duff said to me:

"The question is, Morrissey, how are we going to get out of town?"

He was right—that was the question—but I appeared not to notice the remark, that evening having exhausted all my genial repartee on the hotel manager, who had mentioned something about a little bill.

All the next week we played in Galveston, not because we wanted to, or because the people were hankering to have us, but because we had nothing else to do. Our performances had assumed the appearance of dress rehearsals. The bright lights in front looked on; but that was about all. We distributed passes with a lavish hand in endeavors to "dress the house"; but this dress grew more and more scanty, and the company began to ask satirically if we were to make our permanent homes in Galveston. We were on our third week there when I decided on a heroic move. I had mentioned it to Duff, and he had answered with one word: "Absurd!" But he had nothing to suggest himself, so I called a meeting of the company to announce my project.

"It's plain, ladies and gentlemen," I began, "that we have exhausted this community. We can't stay here much longer."

"Oh, I don't know," broke in Fawcett. "The hotel people are cold; but the weather's warm. I suppose that soon now there will be good sleeping on the beach."

"You are the funniest when you are silent, Fawcett," I remarked. "If you want to talk, if you have any real ideas to offer, take the floor."

"I'd rather take the train," he answered.

"My proposal," I went on, "is that since we apparently have failed at acting, we try our hand at singing. We must do something; so let us sing." A burst of laughter greeted this.

"I mean it," I declared. "In happier days I've heard you sing, Miss Jewett, and you too, Miss Nunez. Your rich contralto voice should thrill these Texans. You, Hardie, have a lovely tenor. Don't deny it. Haven't we all heard the trills issue from your dressing-room? As for you, Fawcett, you have a deep basso buffo that may give rise to a public subscription to send us up to Houston."

"You're good to say so," answered Fawcett; "but I think I'll confine my musical efforts to whistling for my salary."

"Well," I continued, laughing in spite of myself, "you'll all be whistling for not only your salaries, but for your suppers, unless we do something. I think that a grand operatic concert by this company of stranded actors will appeal to the Texan sense of humor and fill enough of the empty seats to terminate this stand."

When I had finished everybody declared that they would have nothing to do with my foolish plan; but, proceeding on the principle that birds that can sing and won't must be made to, I announced the concert in the Galveston papers. As I had anticipated, the writers seemed to think it amusing that, in our distress, we should turn to song.

The facetious articles at first made my artists all the more determined that they would not stand up to be made butts for ridicule; but I pointed out to them that with the announcements out and the tickets on sale, they would have to sing or be mobbed, and so they began to practise. At the last rehearsal I made a few remarks.

"Sing to-night as you never did before," I admonished them. "Sing in a way that will carry them away, and will also carry us away."

When the doors were opened for the concert, and the young men of Galveston began to crowd in, Duff was anxious.

"They look as if they intended to have some fun with us to-night," he exclaimed. "Remember, Jimmie, I'm not responsible. This thing is on your head."

The audience was big enough. I saw that we should be able to leave town in the morning; but as that noisy crowd filed in, even I began to think that it would be better, after all, if we could go at once.

After the overture the orchestra gave a selection, which was interrupted by only an occasional hoot or catcall. When Miss Nunez appeared and sang "The Old Folks at Home," the house became quiet, and remained so, except for genuine applause, when Miss Jewett sang "Waiting." I thought that we were saved, and ventured to appear in the lobby, wearing the broad smile of an impresario on a night of triumph. It was now Fawcett's turn to entertain.

He stepped down to the footlights with an air of much confidence, and announced smilingly that he would recite Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." He was opening his mouth to begin the first lines, when a great howl went up. The house had broken loose at last. Fawcett stood there helpless for a moment, trying to speak, while from every side came jeering shouts. There was a bedlam of noise, I rushed around to the wings and beckoned to our comedian to come off.

"What'll we do, what'll we do?" cried Duff. "This is awful! For Heaven's sake, Jimmie, go out and tell them that we'll give them their money back, or they'll do us violence!"

"Not on your life," I declared. "We'll ring down the curtain if we have to, but not a penny of their money shall they get."

Fawcett was still on the stage. With entire self-possession he stood and waited, as if well content to let them enjoy themselves in this way, if they cared to. The truth was, he possessed an innate ability in controlling audiences, and by degrees our noisy friends in front began to feel his influence. At last the tumult died away.

"Boys," he remarked, during a slight pause, "you have had your fun; now let me have mine. I am not a comedian—you will admit that—and I am not a singer—you would know that if I tried to sing. But I always have had an idea that I should be good in Shakespearean rôles, and I want to get your fair judgment on the question. Won't you listen to me for a moment? Thank you."

Almost before they realized it, Fawcett began again on the "Seven Ages," to a soft accompaniment by the orchestra, and almost instantly had become impressive. There was not a sound in the audience when he ended with the words: "The last scene

Sara Jewett

(Continued on page 15)